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AT THE

REPUBLICAN OFFICE

## THE INVISIBLE LAND.

There was a land that lay beyond my sight  
For which I vainly searched the great earth  
through.  
Thither, right often, my companions flew  
At day-break, or at noon-tide, or at night,  
And never came again. I took my flight,  
Explored all portions of the globe, yet grew  
No nearer where that mighty avenue  
Had led into the stateli fields of light.  
But once, when evening her dusky sails had  
spread,  
And I was sleeping, a swift dream came o'er  
My spirit, and in it I rising said,  
"Now is the country mine, long sought be-  
fore!"  
And one I heard lament that I was dead;  
And lo! the land stretched just beside my  
door!

## Was it Fate?

Wilma laid her book suddenly down,  
and the emphasis of the act made Miss  
Royce look up, inquiringly.  
"Yes, I dare say I have astonished  
you, Marian; but really, when I think  
what a nuisance everything is, I wonder  
I don't do something more desperate  
than fling a book on the table. Mar-  
rian, what do you suppose I shall do  
with myself this summer? How ever  
do you imagine I shall worry through?"

Wilma was very intense in the small-  
est thing she said or did, so that now,  
when Miss Royce noted how interest-  
ing the matter was, the girls pretty  
much forgot to be surprised.  
So Miss Royce laid down her sewing,  
and prepared to discuss the subject  
anxiously, in her own especially bright  
— pleasant way.

"I am afraid no lady could endorse  
your opinion of nuisances, child—you  
fortunate child, with youth, beauty,  
health and wealth at command, it  
sounds almost absurd to hear you, of  
all girls in the wide world, bemoan  
your inability to know how to 'worry  
through the summer.'"

Marion Royce had that special charm  
in woman, a sweet, low voice, and now,  
as she spoke, her deliberate words rang  
out like little trills of melody.

Wilma smiled and frowned, at the  
same instant.  
"Oh, yes, of course, Marian, I know  
there's the shore and the mountains,  
the springs and the woods, and yacht-  
ing and foreign touring, and all that;  
but summer after summer, I have tried  
the same beaten track, seen the same  
phase of society, had all the toilettes  
I wanted, been paid the same comple-  
ments. Oh, dear, I am heart-sick of it  
all! So now you know what I mean  
when I wonder what is to become of  
me this summer."

Miss Royce took a dozen precise  
stitches in her strip of needlework, and  
Wilma sat watching the expression on  
the sweet gravely face—the dearest  
face in all the world, Wilma thought.  
Presently, Marian smiled over her  
needle, then looked up.

"I was just wondering what Mr.  
March would say if he heard you, Wil-  
ma. Without doubt, he is building  
very high hopes of joining your party  
at different resorts. Wilma, do you  
think you will marry Mr. March?"

The abrupt, point blank question  
brought little rebellious sparks to  
Wilma's bright eyes.  
"Mr. March! Marian, do you con-  
sider me in the possession of my five  
sense or not? The idea of my marry-  
ing Percy March! why, you know, I  
can't endure the sight of him. Such a  
solomon, sanctimonious piece of per-  
fection as he is! Does 'not approve' of  
walking, does 'not approve' of ladies  
doing this, or doing that, or doing  
anything. Marian, and Wilma suddenly  
altered the tones of her voice from ex-  
travagant indignation to most exquisitely  
charming confidence—"Marian, I'll  
tell you who I do like—Doctor Ogden!"

Just a slight flutter of the fair hands  
that held the needlework, only a sharp,  
swift, darkening pain in Miss Royce's  
eyes at mention of Tyler Ogden's name—  
signs that did not escape Wilma's  
eyes.

"Oh, Marian!—oh, Marian! Is it  
possible you have been caring for my  
handsome doctor all the time? Marian,  
dear, tell me all about it."

She was on her knees at Miss Royce's  
side, eager, interested, half heart-  
stricken, as she looked up in the pure,  
quiet face, that was very pale and pa-  
tient.

"There is so little to tell, child, ex-  
cept that five years ago I was Doctor  
Ogden's betrothed wife, and to-day  
am less than nothing to him! But  
have always loved him, dear, and I  
time seems never to come when the  
sound of his name can lose its pow-  
er over me! And somehow—somehow  
hurt me sorely when you said you  
you did; only I know no woman  
help loving him who knows him."

"A bunch of a romance is it."  
There was a little, faint quiver  
Marian's voice, and it went straight  
Wilma's sympathetic heart.  
"You poor darling! Marian, I  
really like Doctor so much; but I  
shall almost hate him when I  
he has made you so unhappy. To  
he has been calling here week  
week, and you have met him a hund-  
red times, and yet I never suspected a  
thing! Poor dear Marian! Let's  
our things, and get away from the  
rid men, where the sound of Doc-  
tor Ogden's or Percy March's name  
never, never come to us! Will  
Marian? Will you help me dis-  
miss them both by hiding somewhere  
in that delicious, unfashionable  
cool, delicious, unfashionable count-  
ess where even the mail only comes  
twice a week?"

That was how it came to pass, a

night later, that the staff of servants at  
the private boarding-house, "Clover  
Villa," was augmented by the addition  
of two young women, Annie Smith and  
Maggie Brown, two neat, deft handed,  
intelligent girls, whom Mrs. Clover,  
the landlady, declared were perfect  
jewels of table-waiters and chamber-  
maids, and whom the lady boarders  
were quite sure were girls who had  
seen better days, and were brave enough  
and sensible enough to earn their own  
living in such a practical way.

Hardly their dearest friends would  
have recognized Marian Royce and  
Wilma West, in their plain calico dresses  
and bigginglans aprons their plain-  
ly dressed hair, guileless of a hint of  
"hang," or "curl," or "puff."

These two women were enjoying  
their escapade amazingly, except in one  
respect; and it had come to Wilma  
West, since those off-days of masquerade,  
when she did not see Percy  
March or Doctor Ogden, to be quite  
able to decide that, after all, Percy  
March, with all his severe gravity  
and impudence of frivolity, was nearer  
to her than she had ever known.

She missed his society more than  
she would have admitted to Marian,  
to whom she either refused to talk about  
him, or else sought all idea of more  
than ordinary acquaintanceship be-  
tween them, while away down in the ut-  
termost recesses of her heart she kept  
wondering if Mr. March missed her as  
much as she missed him.

Why Miss Royce? Well, that time  
years ago, when she and Tyler Ogden  
were "one and inseparable" seemed  
further away than ever, now that she  
did not as much as meet him on neutral  
ground; and Marian, silenced her  
heart-palpitations, and was cheerful and  
content to all eyes.

So the summer days wore on, until  
one delicious August morning, when a  
cool, spicy breeze from the pine-woods  
was blowing, and the glad, yellow sun-  
shine flooded the sweet summer day,  
their came into these two girls lives the  
sounds of voices and the sights of faces,  
that stirred them to their very souls—  
when, busy about their pleasant, homo-  
ly duties, in dining-room and hall-  
Doctor Ogden gay, cheerful voice started  
them:

"It's a veritable Arcadia, March!  
Did you ever see such an amethystine  
sky, or such a breeze? Blessed be  
the fellowman who advised us to try  
Clover Villa!"

And Percy March replied:  
"There will be lacking but one thing  
needful—if we only had a few friends.  
As you say, Doc, there is an alibi in  
this delicious air."

Then they passed up the broad, low  
stairs, out of the presence of these two  
women, whose hearts were beating so  
fast and furiously.

Then Wilma looked up at Marian, and  
both their faces were full of agitation;  
and Marian's voice was almost awe-  
stricken in its solemnity.  
"Wilma, it is Fate."

More than once that day the four  
came face to face, and it was proof-  
positive that their disguises were more  
than satisfactory that the two gentlemen  
did not recognize them.

It was more than satisfactory, so far  
as their disguises were concerned; but  
somewhere there was a kind of pity for  
themselves about it, for it went very  
far to show that the eyes that looked at  
them were not the sharp eyes of love;  
and in proportion as Wilma discovered  
that she was of no consequence to Percy  
March, in just such proportion she  
discovered how very much Percy March  
was to her.

A week had gone by, when Wilma  
learned the truth of what Marian had  
said, "there was a Fate in it," and she  
learned it on a cool, stary evening,  
when her day's work over, Marian  
had gone off for a quiet little stroll in  
the garden, and she sat alone in her  
bed-room, under the eaves, where the  
voice of Doctor Ogden came distinctly  
up to her, and they sat and smoked and  
talked on the quiet piazza.

It was her own name mentioned, in  
Mr. March's quiet tones, that attracted  
her attention, and then—would you  
have done it, sister reader?—then she  
listened, while the two men exchanged  
their confidences, and mentioned the  
resemblance, that had discovered be-  
tween the neat, modest waiting girls  
and the two fashionable belles—a re-  
semblance which, it seemed, had set the  
two gentlemen thinking very vividly of  
them and Marian. And pride that

never  
could  
rise  
above  
the  
size  
of  
her  
own  
life

"How tame are they?" asks Harry.  
"They are so tame that they will let  
Edith harness them to her box. Then  
she will get in and take the reins, and  
they will swim with her all round the  
lake."

"Is not that what they call a fish-  
story, Grandma?"  
"I read it in print," said she. "I  
have known fish to get so tame as to let  
a little girl take them out of the wa-  
ter."

"But did you ever see a little girl  
harness a pickerel?"

"In all my life, Harry, I never saw  
such a sight."

"Oh, Grandma Sunbeam," said Harry,  
"you must not believe all that you read  
in the newspapers."

Marian Royce, out under the August  
stars, gathering courage from the  
strong belief that hauteur could not  
exist in the heart of any woman who  
could thus lay aside the trammels of  
fashionable society and enjoy in her  
own way the quiet delights of nature.

It was as if heaven had come down to  
that patient hearted woman that night  
when, after such hopeless waiting, joy  
came to her again; and when with lov-  
er's kisses and new-pledged vows yet  
warm on her lips, she sought Wilma,  
to tell her the strange, sweet story, she  
found her not less happy than herself,  
because Percy March had asked her a  
sweet solemn question, and she had not  
said him nay.

That was the end and result of their  
trip, and in their hearts they all be-  
lieved that it was a benign Fate that  
suggested, ordered and arranged it all.

## A Child's Peril.

Recently Lewis H. Wood and family,  
of Table Rock, were visiting at his  
brother's, John Wood, who lives seven  
miles west of Pawnee City, Nebraska.  
About 11 o'clock in the forenoon their  
little boy Carl, aged between three and  
four years, wandered away from the  
house, and when missed by his parents  
a search of the entire place was insti-  
tuted, but at dark no trace of the lost  
child could be found. A messenger  
was sent to the city to raise the citizens  
to search for the lost boy. The mes-  
senger arrived after the inhabitants  
had retired. The residence of Captain  
G. M. Humphrey was sought out and he  
was informed what had happened. A  
few moments afterwards the town was  
in a perfect state of excitement. Guns  
were fired, village bells were nearly  
jerked from their hangings, the news  
spread like fire over the city, and every  
heart warmed up in sympathy with the  
stricken parents. Teams were harnes-  
sed and horses were saddled, and a  
hundred men or more of the merchan-  
tis, mechanics, doctors and lawyers  
flocked to the place where Little Carl  
was lost. On arriving at Mr. Wood's  
place, Captain Humphrey, being some-  
what of a military man, was de-  
clared as captain of the band. A de-  
ploy line half a mile long was formed  
and the captain marched his little army  
around the place, covering every foot  
of the ground within a radius of half  
a mile; then a second march was made  
outside the circuit of the first, and after  
starting on the third march, Mr. John  
Wood, who is uncle to little Carl, said  
he would ride over to a piece of timber  
half a mile further out. Mr. Wood  
reached the timber about 7 o'clock in  
the morning, and riding a few roads in  
the brush heard little Carl calling,  
"Oh, papa!" and rode in the direction  
from whence came the sound, and there  
he found the little fellow wandering  
through the brush, with his limbs torn  
and bleeding, having been scratched by  
the brush and grass. When little Carl  
saw his uncle he began to laugh and  
ran toward him. When Mr. Wood  
asked him where he was the night before  
he said that he camped out. The glad  
news was echoed along the line a  
quickly borne to the grief-stricken father  
and mother. Captain Humphrey  
and his band hastened to the house and  
delivered up little Carl to his father  
and mother, who completely broke  
down under their extreme joy, and  
every soul on the ground wept, and  
cheer after cheer of joy went up till the  
men were hoarse. Little Carl was lost  
to his parents over eighteen hours, and  
spent alone in the woods all night,  
while the howling of wolves was heard  
by those who were anxiously and eagerly  
hunting for him. It seems that the  
little laid down and slept till to-  
ward morning, when he woke up and  
it was dark, and laid down again and  
slept till the sun was shining. Then  
he started to hunt his papa, and was a  
few moments before being found by his  
uncle, John Wood, one and three-  
fourths of a mile from where he started  
about 11 o'clock the day before.

## Grandma Sunbeam.

Can you guess why they call her  
Grandma Sunbeam? I will tell you.  
Though eighty years of age, she is al-  
ways cheerful to both old and young.

See her as she comes back from her  
morning walk. The very kittens follow  
her. Harry, who is sitting on an old  
tub before the wood-shed door, cries  
out, "I'm glad you've come back, grand-  
ma; I've been waiting to hear a story."

"What, little man?" cries grandma;  
"do you want a story so early in the  
day? Well, I will tell you a story I  
read in the newspaper last week. In  
one of the Western States there is a  
lake, and near the lake lives a little girl  
named Edith. She has a little boat and  
she has two tame pickerel, which she  
keeps in a tank and feeds."

"How tame are they?" asks Harry.  
"They are so tame that they will let  
Edith harness them to her box. Then  
she will get in and take the reins, and  
they will swim with her all round the  
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"you must not believe all that you read  
in the newspapers."

At the rifle grounds, Wimbledon,  
Eng., the most aristocratic range for  
amateur shooting is that known as the  
running deer range. Not long since,  
one of two or three young fellows, who  
were in the habit of putting on airs  
when an outsider shot at their favorite  
range, and "chaffing" him, were quick-  
ly punished.

As one of them was shooting, a very  
respectable looking, middle-aged man,  
evidently dressed in his best, came  
down to the range and watched the  
shooting with great interest; at length  
as the shooter was doing very badly, he  
said quietly:

"Am more forrad, sir," he said.  
"Hello!" says the performer, "can  
you shoot? Do you know anything  
about it?"

The man civilly said he thought he  
did.  
"Well, then," says the other, "I  
will stand you a gun and these five  
tickets, so that you may try your hand."

Then, rushing off to the other end of  
the butt, he says to his friend, "Such a  
lark, Harris! I've got an old fellow  
who thinks he can shoot, and stood him  
tickets and a gun. Come and see the  
old foggy. Looks like a butcher. Dare  
say he has won half a pig at Christmas  
at Hendon."

So down both of them came to see  
the man perform, and took pains to tell  
all their lady friends of the great fun.  
The man took his place and the deer  
was started. He fired rapidly before  
the deer had got half way across, and  
hit it in the head.

Says Harris, "What a duke! I tell  
you what, old chap, I'll give you ten  
shillings every time you make a bulls-  
eye, if you'll give me half a crown  
when you hit the haunch."

## Don't Chaff a Stranger.

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The man said he did not mind doing  
it, and a bystander who had noticed the  
shot, and had seen that he aimed at the  
head, quietly pointed out the part to  
be hit to score a bull's-eye.

The long and short of it was that out  
of his four shots two were bull's-eyes,  
and the other two close up. The man  
rose and pocketed his £1, and civilly  
thanked the two young men, who  
looked thoroughly sold, and were aw-  
fully put out at being so taken in, and  
so publicly, too.

Just as the man was leaving the  
range a hearty looking old gentleman  
called out, "What, you here, James?"  
The man said, "Yes, my lord; knew  
you had come down here, and wanted  
to see you about the game, and then I  
looked in here."

Then he told his master the story, to  
the old gentleman's great amusement,  
who then went on to the range and  
told the officer there, to his amusement  
also, and the two young men, to their  
great disgust, that the supposed "but-  
cher," out for a holiday, was his head  
keeper, and one of the best shots at  
deer in the kingdom.

The two fellows' faces were a sight,  
and they have been uncommonly shy  
of chaffing or baiting any stranger at  
the range ever since.

## A Strange Story.

"Yes, Sir," said a well known citi-  
zen of Baltimore to a reporter, "I did  
once see a ghost or have an inter-  
view with an spirit. At least, I think  
I did. But, anyhow, it was a most re-  
markable, a most inexplicable dream,  
that you might call a prophetic dream,  
that was fulfilled in every detail in a  
most extraordinary manner. And I  
don't exactly think it was a dream."

"It was during the war. I was on  
the Confederate side in the war, a sol-  
dier in the First Maryland Cavalry. In  
the same company with me was a  
gentleman from California, whom you  
may call Copleston. I'd rather you  
wouldn't publish his real name, as the  
family is prominent on there and in  
Richmond, and it might pain the rela-  
tives now living to read the story in  
print. He was a splendid fellow, and  
before long we became very intimate  
and gradually grew to be most devoted  
friends. He was the bravest of men,  
but at the same time unusually warm-  
hearted and affectionate, and our affec-  
tion for each other was something un-  
usual among men."

"One day we were together in a pretty  
hot fight near Greenland Gap, Har-  
dy county, Va., during General Wil-  
liam E. Jones' raid, and as we had no  
artillery with us, our regiment was  
dismounted and detailed to storm a  
church in which a body of the enemy  
had entrenched themselves. It was a  
nasty piece of work, and the prospects  
were slim of getting back alive. As  
we went at it Copleston turned to me  
and said, 'Look here, old fellow, let's  
promise each other that if one of us is  
killed without a chance to say good-  
bye, he will come back again to see the  
other, if such a thing is possible. I un-  
derstood him and promised. We got  
off this time without much damage,  
but it was always understood between  
us that the agreement was a lasting  
one."

"Not long after this we were separ-  
ated. He was sent off with a detail for  
scouting work upon the Mississippi,  
and before he got back I was captured  
by Averill at Moorfield, after the Cham-  
bersburg raid. They sent me to Camp  
Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, and here  
I laid for a time, with some fifteen to  
twenty thousand other prisoners, hear-  
ing nothing of our men on the other  
side of the Potomac, and then only  
from the new prisoners when they  
were brought into camp. Of Copleston  
we heard nothing at all.

"In Camp Chase we lived in big bar-

racks, about three hundred men in a  
barrack. In the one in which I was  
most of the men were Marylanders of  
our old command. We slept in bunks  
around the room, and the room was  
heated by three big stoves. One night  
I was sitting by the stove nearest the  
door, thinking. It was late, and all the  
others were in their bunks asleep. I sat  
there alone for some time, looking at  
the fire and lost in thought. Suddenly  
I felt impelled to look up, and there,  
just in front of me, on the other side of  
the stove and between it and the door,  
stood Copleston."

"Were you alarmed at all?" asked  
the reporter.  
"No," was the answer; "I was not  
alarmed, only greatly surprised. There  
was nothing to alarm." It was only  
Copleston, dressed in the same gray  
suit and black felt hat. I thought, of  
course, at the instant, that somehow he  
had been captured and brought as pris-  
oner to the camp, and had only just  
learned where I was. I exclaimed,  
"Why, Copleston, when were you  
brought in?" and tried to rise up and  
shake hands with him. I could not  
move, somehow.

"Copleston looked at me sully for a  
moment and then he said, 'No, I was  
not brought here; don't you remember  
our agreement?'"  
"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. Were  
you—?"

"Yes," he said, "I was killed to day." He  
then went on and told me all about it.  
One day he and one other of our  
men were surrounded in a house near  
Luray, in Page county, Va., by a squad  
of Federals, and after a little fight, in  
which Copleston was wounded in the  
leg, the two were captured and taken  
into the enemy's camp. They were  
held for a few days, and were then sen-  
tenced to be shot as an act of retaliation  
for some sins laid at Mosby's door. A  
sergeant's guard took them into the  
woods, and with some touch of pity,  
offered to let them run the gauntlet, in  
Indian fashion. The other man accepted  
this slight chance of escape, but was  
shot as he ran. Copleston refused to  
move, and was killed where he sat  
upon the ground.

"All this, sir, I assure you, was told  
me by this strange visitor. As he finish-  
ed, he said: 'Should there ever be any  
other occasion for me to see you, I will  
come,' and then disappeared, not going  
out by the door, but simply fading  
away. I was, of course, strongly  
moved, but shortly after that retired to  
my bunk. The next morning I told  
the men in my mess of the circum-  
stances, and was, of course, laughed at."

"Three weeks afterwards fresh pris-  
oners were brought in from the Army  
of Virginia, who, with other news,  
told of Copleston's death, just as I had  
already heard it from himself. The  
men of the mess no longer laughed at  
my story."

I do not pretend to explain this at  
all. I don't think it can be explained.  
I am not superstitious, I think; and as  
I said before, may have dreamed it



















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### THE STORM IN SUMMER.

On a sultry day in summer, When the air was parched and dry, I was dreaming by the sea-side, Gazing out upon the sky.

Here and there a tinge of whiteness, Flecked the deep ethereal blue, But in clouds of gloomy darkness, Swiftly vanished either hue.

Soon I saw the lightning playing O'er the crested waves at sea; While the scene's majestic grandeur Told a tale of love to me.

Which the lonely rolling thunder, With its grand, yet awful roar, Through the air reverberating, Seemed to echo o'er and o'er.

But at last the storm was over, And again the clouds of whiteness Lent their beauty to the light.

Then I went my way in gladness, And my soul drank in the sight, For, to greet my grateful vision, Out of darkness came the light.

### Lyla Rushton's Gloves.

Lyla Rushton did love three buttoned kids. She always wore them! No, I mistake! She wore four, five, and even six buttoned on grand occasions, but three buttoned daily. A handsome shoe and hand-glove were almost essential to Lyla Rushton's happiness.

Lyla was (let me whisper it with fear and trembling, lest some fair reader toss her head contemptuously) a compositor. She lived in a nice house, nicely furnished, on a nice street, with her father and mother. To be candid, Lyla's father did not own the house; he was a clerk in a large wholesale store, had a salary sufficiently large to enable him to hire a pleasant residence and support a family comfortably. But his oldest child, the aforementioned Lyla, was an independent little maiden, who was not at all contented after she left school to settle down to the aimless life of many girls—to dress, and shop, and read novels, and visit, and receive visits. She resolved that she would be no further expense, nor was she content to idly fold her hands and wait for some condescending uncle to assume the bills necessarily incurred in a young lady's support—she would do something.

What shall it be? She could not write a book; she had not patience to teach a school; she did not like sewing; she would not stand for twelve hours behind a counter for a mere pittance; but she had a cousin who was an editor of a country paper. She had visited for several summers at his house, and spent many hours in his office, and being a lively, curious little body, had made herself mistress of many of its secrets.

Now she wrote to Mrs. Cousin Tom, "May I pay you a short visit? To Mr. Cousin Tom, 'May I perfect my self in typesetting?'"

Mr. and Mrs. Cousin Tom gave one answer to the two questions.

"You may with great pleasure to us," Lyla was down at Rockford two months, and returned, a perfect mistress of her profession, to accept a lucrative position in the city, and wear a new pair of three-buttoned kids per month.

And one seeing Miss Rushton walking down the Avenue and Broadway of a morning in her neat, stylish suit, with the prettiest of fitting shoes and dainty gloves, would recognize in the pretty blonde a thorough lady; nor dream that many hours of her day were spent in the dirt and grime of a printing office.

One autumn afternoon two gentlemen passed out from a large building occupied by the offices of the "Daily Blank." As the elder of the two, a fine looking, intellectual faced man, stepped from the sidewalk, he stopped to lift a pair of pearl colored, three buttoned kids.

"Some lady has lost these pretty articles," he said, spreading the diminutive gloves (five and a quarter) upon his palm. "I say, Ambrose, what shall I do with them?"

Walter Ambrose, the son of one of New York's wealthiest merchants, laughed gayly.

"Why, Durwood, you veritable woman hater! I verily believe you despise the fair sex too much to keep their smallest belongings about you. Now I propose you keep one of those dainty gloves, and I the other, and see who shall find a fitting owner for them."

Durwood Morrell smiled a sunshiny smile, and said, languidly, "I'll agree to that; but is it so very necessary to add that you will be the one to find the pretty-handed feminine?"

"It must be a pretty hand," said Ambrose, looking at the diminutive glove, then tucking it in his vest pocket.

"Yes," a hand that can drum on the piano, won't be in Berlin wools, and play diamond souvenirs of conquest—nothing else," said Durwood, cynically.

"Well, old boy, what would you have a woman do?"

"Something useful."

"Nonsense! Most women can do something useful."

"Yes, but I admire a woman who makes her whole life useful."

Shortly after the above conversation, Walter Ambrose was riding up town in a stage, when it stopped for a lady to enter. Walter politely held open the door, and, just as the stage started, perceived that she had dropped a glove from her muff. He sprang out, secured the article, and smilingly returned it to the owner.

When Lyla Rushton (for it was she) left the stage, the dubious clouds of the

### Winter Day.

wintery day were shedding copious showers of rain. Lyla had no umbrella; Walter had, for which providence that gentleman was duly thankful. Somehow Lyla's blue eyes had made a strange impression on Ambrose's heart. He begged to escort her home, and Miss Rushton looked first at the darning rain and then—accepted his offer. When Walter left her at the door he handed her a card containing his name and address, and begged permission to call on her.

Well, it came about that wealthy, handsome Walter Ambrose called on Lyla Rushton more than once, and escorted her to theatres and concerts. One night he asked her to accompany him to the opera the succeeding week, adding that he wished to introduce her to his sisters. Then Lyla bravely resolved that Walter Ambrose should continue his acquaintance with her on no false ground.

"I am passionately fond of opera, Mr. Ambrose, and should enjoy accompanying you, but I must not allow myself to meet your sisters, or even to continue my acquaintance with you, until I make you aware that I work for my living. I am a type-setter."

Brave little Lyla! foolish Walter. Of course Mr. Ambrose was too polite to show any disapprobation, but was a troubled, trifling coyness that Miss Rushton noticed and understood.

"I say, Durwood, he addressed his acquaintance next day at the club, 'what do you think of a daily working girl, a type-setter, wearing three buttoned kids always, and—and—being a lady generally?'"

"She must be worth knowing," replied the distinguished editor of the "Daily Blank," with more interest than he often showed concerning ordinary topics.

"She is! Why I nearly fell in love with her."

Mr. Durwood Morrell gave Ambrose a quick, searching glance, then with languidly veiled eyes, questioned,—"But when you found out that she was one of the world's workers, you set a guard over your heart?"

"It would scarcely do to make a compositor my wife," said Walter, very much as if he wanted Morrell to disagree with him.

But Morrell made no answer, and Ambrose smiled away. That evening he stopped for Mr. Morrell to walk up town with him, and as the two gentlemen stood on the walk lighting their cigars, just by the entrance of the office, Lyla Rushton tripped out.

"Good evening, Miss Rushton."

"Good evening," the lady replied, coolly.

At sight of her, Walter's heart thrilled strangely, and despite her coyness, he ventured another remark, for the sake of detaining her.

"Is it possible this is you?" he hesitated, but Lyla gracefully answered his meaning.

"Yes, this is where I work, Mr. Ambrose."

"Then may I introduce you to my friend? Miss Rushton, Mr. Morrell."

"Mr. Morrell can readily understand that is scarcely less than a friend to me," said Lyla, smilingly acknowledging the introduction. "His face, manner, penmanship and thoughts are all familiar to me."

"Though I have been in cruel ignorance of the honor I have had," replied Morrell, pleasantly and the trio parted.

Perhaps it was not odd that the most distinguished writer on the editorial staff of the "Daily Blank" should often meet one of that paper's compositors; perhaps it was, considering that the said gentleman was reputedly a woman-hater, at all events it was tantalizing to Walter Ambrose, who found out that he loved Lyla Rushton madly after he himself had broken the smooth flow of their acquaintance.

"Poor Walter! how he raved—privately—when the newspaper world, literary circles, and fashionable society, announced that handsome, talented, courted Durwood Morrell was soon to marry blue-eyed Lyla Rushton, and Miss Helen—Walter's sister remarked, 'Lyla Rushton, that she thought Miss Rushton perfectly splendid,' and 'so noble, not to be ashamed of her past profession!'"

Durwood asked Walter to be gracious, but that gentleman declared he must be in Philadelphia that week. He was bad enough to have to send the bride an elegant gift, and to listen to his sister's extravagant praises of her loveliness.

Mrs. Durwood found a pearl-colored glove carefully stowed away in her husband's moustache case, and examining it—perhaps with a little wifely jealousy—was surprised to recognize one of a pair she had lost nearly a year previous.

She greeted him at night with—"Durwood, where did you get one of my old gloves?"

He recognized the article and recognized the circumstance.

"Is it yours?" he questioned, with an amused look.

"Of course; didn't you know it; where did you get it?"

"I found it outside of the office, and kept it at Mr. Ambrose's suggestion. He has the other. I certainly did not know it was yours, nor dreaming that our employees were so extravagant as to wear three buttoned kid gloves."

"Oh!" laughed Lyla, "they were always my weakness."

"If I had but known that sooner, I might have a right to this some months ago," and he deliberately took a kiss—nay, several.

—The famine in India has reduced the population to 6,000,000.

### Dust Explosions.

Apologies to the discussion concerning flour mill explosions, we are informed that the burning of the large fertilizer manufactory in the town of Lake, near the Chicago Stock Yards, in January 1874, was due to a like cause, that is, the ignition and explosion of fine dust. The building was of wood, one story, 75x100 feet, with a wooden addition about 20 feet square. In the main building the fertilizer was manufactured from the blood and tank stuff received from the neighboring packing houses; mixed together they were fed into a long revolving cylinder of iron, through which flame constantly passed, and were delivered as a fertilizer containing from 15 to 18 per cent moisture. The fertilizer was then fed into a pulverizer, which reduced it to a fine powder, and blew it through a long tin pipe (into which hot air from a heater was also admitted) into cylindrical boxes or bolters of different grades, which terminated the pipe and which were located in the 20 foot square building. After the material had passed through the bolters it contained but from 6 to 8 per cent of moisture. The bolting room always contained hot air, hot steam, some ammoniacal gases, and the fine floating dust of animal matter. About a week before the destruction of the works one of the workmen entered the room with a lantern to clean the bolters; as the dust soon settled on the lantern glass and obscured the light, he opened it to take the lamp out that he might see better; an instantaneous explosion followed, and he was thrown down, and his hair, face, hands and clothes badly scorched. The force of the explosion was, however, expended through the open door, and no further damage resulted. A week after this occurrence, on another occasion of the clogging of the bolters, the intelligent foreman of the factory entered the room with the lantern, with two of the workmen, and repeated the interesting performance of exposing the naked light, with disastrous results; the explosion shook from the beams and rafters of the buildings the long accumulation of dust fertilizer dust, which was at once ignited by the burning gas, and the whole building was instantly filled with flame and burned to the ground. From this it is evident that the dry dust of animal as well as that of vegetable matter will take fire and generate gas with explosive rapidity, provided the necessary conditions are present, that is, sufficient and intimate mixture with air, and the temperature of a burning lamp. In this case the conditions were complicated by the presence of steam and ammoniacal gases, which, however, contrary to what would have been predicted of them, apparently excited no preventive influence.

An Instance of Indian Daring.

An instance of what an Apache Indian will do in a way of cool daring, when the prize is worth the risk, once occurred on a ranch in Arizona. The owner of the ranch was an American. To guard against the Apaches he had built a block house, and adjoining it a court-yard and corral, surrounded by an adobe wall eight feet high and two feet thick. In the corral the herd was nightly secured. He had a contract to feed and guard one hundred head of beef cattle belonging to the United States fort, some thirty miles away. More than one attempt had been made by the Apaches to capture the herd, while feeding two or three miles from the block house. For the vigilant herdsman had driven the cattle at a gallop into the corral, before the Indians could "stampede" them. One night there came a fearful storm. A solitary Apache, unarmed, and with nothing but a blanket to protect him from the cold and rain, climbed over the corner wall, crouching in the corner he waited for day. Early in the morning, the storm having passed away, eight herdsman, mounted and armed, waited at the corral's gate for the herd to be turned out. The gate was opened. The stock poured out. Suddenly up sprang the Apache; vaulting on the nearest horse he clutched his mane with one hand while with the other he waved his red blanket and yelled like a demon. In an instant every hoof made a rush and the stampede began. The horse, frightened, darted into the midst of the flying cattle. As in a frenzy they went through the gate-way, the Apache clasped his arms around the horse's neck, and throwing his body on one side of the maddened animal disappeared from view. A thousand men ranged in column could not stop that rush of the crazed herd down the valley. The herdsman fired a volley, which wounded and killed some of the cattle. Two bands of Apaches, darting out from opposite sides of the valley, closed up the end of the herd. Four hundred head of cattle were thus captured and run off by the daring and cunning of one Apache.

Imprisoned in a Mine.

As the tank which is used in bailing water from the shaft of the Ward mine, Virginia City, was being hoisted to the surface, recently, the engineer on duty George N. Baker, accidentally allowed it to be run into the shaft. The tank, which is of 600 gallons capacity, was full of water, and when it struck the shelve it was fastened to the steel wire cable was broken. The tank was of wood and ran on guides, the same as a cage. When it parted from the cable it went down like a leaden plummet, a distance

of 1,350 to the water at the bottom. Seven men were somewhere at the bottom of the shaft. News of the accident spread rapidly, and Superintendent Thayer was soon on the ground and proper efforts were soon made to ascertain the fate of the men below. The hoisting tank fell down the south compartment. The next compartment north is the one in which the cage is used. The cage was down at the time the tank fell. The first move was to try to hoist this cage to the surface. A move was made to do this, but no sooner had the cage been started than a signal came up from below to stop. That showed that some men below were alive. The men below then struck twenty bells. It is the Cornish death signal. The men above tried to hoist the cage, and sharp and unmistakable came the signal to stop. Again came up the twenty bells. These were followed by other signals that could not be understood. Several times it was thought that those below might be ready to have the cage hoisted and careful efforts were made to move it up but every time came the peremptory—"Stop!" It was finally concluded that some one was wedged in between the cage and the timbers of the compartment, and no further efforts at hoisting were made. As the news of the accident spread, people came from all directions, crowded into the works. Among these were the wives and children of those of the men who were in the shaft, and the friends and relatives of others. As the cage could not be moved, an effort was made to communicate with the men and learn something of their situation at the bottom of the shaft. By direction of Superintendent Thayer, a rope was lowered, to which were attached two lanterns, a bit of board and a pencil, so that those uninjured below might make their wants known. But when it was hauled up one lantern was gone, the other extinguished, and it was clear that it had not reached its destination. What now seemed necessary to be done was to make a descent into the shaft. In order to allow of this being done the cable attached to the cage in the depth had to be anchored to the surface so securely that its entire weight might be sustained and then detached from the reel. This was done and the cage was put in place. As soon as all was ready, and the tool hours for preparation, John Oswald, formerly of the Julia and Ward, took two companions, tools, lanterns, etc., and started for the depths. The guides and timbers in the shaft had been so badly damaged in the descent of the tank that it took forty minutes for this cage to reach the bottom of the shaft. It had been agreed upon between Superintendent Thayer and the foreman that if any men were dead, he should, as soon as the cage reached the bottom, ring six bells, and then one for each death. When at last the cage stopped and no signal came up the suspense of all at the surface was terrible. What to make of this silence of the bell no one knew. At last the bell began to strike and all present began to count. No death signal was sounded, but instead, clear and unmistakable, the signal to hoist. As the cage came to the surface five men were seen on it—the three who went down and two others, one of whom was supported by his comrades. The joy of all was great when it was announced that the two men on the cage were the only ones hurt—that all below were sound and well. It was soon ascertained from the men that the lucky escape was owing to the fact that all the men in the bottom of the shaft were in the north compartment, out of the way, except Fault and O'Mara. They were in the tank compartment, and must have been instantly killed had they not heard the tank coming down the shaft. They dashed into the middle compartment, in which was the cage with a car on it. They tumbled into and over the car and cage just in time to escape the falling tank.

Time is Money.

One fine morning when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounge stepped into the store and spent an hour or more looking over the books, etc., and finally taking one in his hand asked the shop boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounge, "can you take less than that?"

"No, indeed, one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed when the lounge said:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounge.

The shop boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounge addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar than to have been taken out of my office."

The lounge seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parity of his own making said:

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"A dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half? Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price than to a dollar and a half now."

### The Horrors of the Bague.

It was on the 21st of February, 1844, that a young man, named Charles Dumoisin, was called to the bar in the Court of Criminal Assizes, in Paris.

The court room was crowded, for Dumoisin was accused of having assassinated his young wife, Isabella, and his mother-in-law, Mme. Cragnone, by administering a large dose of arsenic to them in two cups of chocolate.

The prosecuting attorney briefly stated the facts in the case. They were as follows: Young Mme. Dumoisin, although her husband was a poorly paid clerk in a lead pencil factory, was excessively fond of fine dresses.

To gratify this passion she squandered her husband's earnings, and contracted in her husband's name debts amounting to three thousand francs, for which he was constantly harassed.

His troubles had seriously affected his mind. He had grown morose and quarrelsome, and often threatened to kill his wife.

The latter had fled to the house of her mother, whither her husband had pursued her, and, when Mme. Cragnone took her daughter's part, he had muttered:

"Beware, mother, or I'll give you a dose, too!"

Mme. Dumoisin and her mother, frightened by his threats, had returned to his house.

On the following day after their return Dumoisin bought some chocolate, and each of them drank a large cupful. Dumoisin did not touch his cup.

The two unfortunate women were at once taken sick. They vomited, and complained of terrible pains in their stomachs.

Dumoisin did not send for a physician, although his servant urged him to do so.

Fifteen minutes afterwards his wife and his mother-in-law died in terrible agony.

Dumoisin left the house, went to a saloon, and drank to excess.

He was arrested, and said to the policeman who apprehended him:

"If they are dead they deserved it. They have goaded me to madness!"

He was put in a solitary cell, where he acted like a lunatic. He refused for days to partake of any food, and sang ditties of disgusting ribaldry.

When taken at last before the Examining Magistrate, he said:

"Well, cut my head off if you want to, but do not look for any confession from me."

On his trial he refused to answer the questions of the Presiding Judge. The jury found him guilty of murder, with extenuating circumstances, and he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Three days later he was sent to the bague of Toulon.

There he refused to obey the rules, and was, in consequence, subjected to all the horrors of bague discipline.

His record showed that from July, 1844, to August, 1844, he received no less than eleven thousand two hundred lashes.

He spent during that time upward of one year chained to the stone floor of the dark cell. During nearly half of that time bread and water was his only nourishment.

The prison authorities declared that they had never seen a more unruly convict at the bague.

Suddenly in September 1844 the Emperor Napoleon pardoned the wretched man, because it had been discovered that he was perfectly innocent. A brother of Mme. Cragnone, Randoche Cragnone, a Paris grocer, informed the authorities that he had mixed arsenic in a cake of chocolate which he had sent to Dumoisin's house, for the purpose of killing his sister and her daughter, so that he could inherit the 500 francs which Mme. Cragnone had deposited in a savings bank.

Cragnone was guillotined early in 1845.

Dumoisin was found to be hopelessly insane. He died in the lunatic asylum of Charante in 1869.

All About the Pulse.

Every intelligent person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then by comparing it with what it was when he is ailing he may have some idea of the cause. Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child, as now and then a person is born with a remarkably slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be of that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is 135; a child of seven years, about eighty; and from twenty to sixty years, it is seventy beats a minute, declining to sixty at fourscore. A healthy grown person's pulse beats seventy times a minute. There may be good health down to sixty; but if the pulse always exceeds 70 there is a decrease. The machine is working itself out; there is fever and inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself—as in consumption, when the pulse is quick, that is, over sixty, gradually increasing with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches 110 or 120, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over seventy for month, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected.

The enjoyment of the world is neither an evidence of the divine favor or anger. Judge not yourself, therefore, by the gold in your bags, but by the grace of God in your heart; not by your wealth, but by your works.

If the fox is king, boy before him.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Error loves to walk arm in arm with truth, to make itself thought respectable.

No affliction would trouble a child of God, if he knew God's reason for sending it.

Afflictions, like God's angels, will move away when they have done their errand.

That man lives the longest that wisely divides the occupation of life between brain and muscle.

Many beat about the wall with a hammer, fancying at every blow that they hit the nail on the head.

In general there is no one with whom life drags so disagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.

To render inevitable evil as light as possible, is to be in reality what may be called both happy and wise.















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## OCTOBER.

The Summer grains were harvested; the stubble fields lay dry. Where June winds rolled in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye; but still on gentle hill slopes, in valleys fringed with wood, Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by Autumn's wind and rain, through husks that dry and sere, Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear; Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold, And glistened in the waning light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters, and many a creaking wheel Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain; Till broad and red as when he rose, the sun sank down at last, And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

## Lost on the Moors.

A wide stretch of breezy moorland, covered with purple heather, a sky whose radiant sunset tints were fast fading into neutral gray. Far in the distance some slowly rising smoke spirals told of warmth and shelter. It was a grateful sight to the eyes of a young man who had lost his way among the seemingly interminable solitudes, broken only by the sound of a startled rabbit, or whirling wing of a frightened partridge.

Shouldering his game bag he at once turned his steps toward the dusky har-binger of home comfort.

As he reached the modest cottage he paused almost unconsciously, and looked in upon the family group just gathered around the table for their evening meal. Then he passed on and gave a brisk rap at the half-open door. It was answered by a young girl. Doffing his cap, the stranger said:

"I am alone, and have lost my way among the moors. Can you give me the wherewithal to break my fast, and after that directing him homeward?"

"Come in," said the farmer, who had followed Marion to the door. "You are welcome to augment we have. Eat and drink first, then it will be time to think of leaving. Haste, Marion, and set a chair for the youth, and bring hot porridge."

Marion obeyed, Louis De Morney's eyes following her with a look of wonder lurking in their dark but brilliant depths. How had such a pure white lily blossomed from such a rugged stem, with a skin so softly soot that the blue veins upon the temples could be traced beneath it, and eyes so large and clear in their unclouded blue that one could easily imagine them tinted from the sky itself as they looked out from wavering masses of sun-bright hair, fastened only by the modest snood of blue ribbons.

Louis De Morney was a young Cuban who had lately fallen heir to large estates, both in England and upon the continent. One of these was a fine hunting seat in Scotland, where he was spending the autumn months; and being of a romantic temperament, it was a great pleasure to him to rally out without his gamekeeper, and to make his way over the country alone. This was the first time he had become bewildered as to location, and with the enthusiasm of his tropical nature, he added a stout but earnest thanksgiving to the old cottager's blessing upon the food they were about to partake for it was to him like the land of fate that he had been led to the home, which enshrined such a maiden.

Never in his wanderings over land and sea, had his eyes rested on one so beautiful, and like some blossom that remains folded in its calyx for years, and then burst at once into glorious love-compelling beauty; so did his heart open to receive into it sweet Marion's image.

She could not but feel the influence of his magnetic glances; and a color stole softly into her cheeks, and the blue eyes scarcely dared lift themselves from out the ambush of the fringed lids as she listened to his conversation with them. Why did her heart flutter so with pleasure when he accepted an invitation to remain until the morrow? She was glad to seek the solitude of her room to question and chide herself. What had this fiery-eyed stranger to do with her simple cottage life? Yet the memory of those burning glances would come back and fill her very soul with their sweetness.

All unwitting of the true attraction, farmer McGregor responded to the young man's expressed desire to turn his hand at the birds upon the surrounding moors for a few days by a cordial invitation to him to remain as his guest.

In his sturdy pride it never entered his mind that his child would think of lifting her eyes to that dark stranger, who, though to his knowledge a man of rank and consequence, was not at all to his taste in looks, with such mid-dark hair and eyes, and a complexion like a Spaniard; though he well liked to talk with him and listen to his stories of other lands and climes.

So it came upon him like a shock, when, after the stranger's stay had lengthened into weeks, he sought him one morning and told him the real attraction. It was his pearl-white skin—it was Marion.

The old man's lips opened at first for a burst of anger; but he was guest. He had eaten of his salt. So he, with an effort, controlled himself and an-

swered quietly, but with a firmness which augured ill for the young man's suit:

"My daughter must marry in her own station when the time comes. She's o'er young yet to make her choice. You do us honor, sir, by your proposal; but the time will come when you will thank me for seeing the folly of this unseemly union."

"Sir, she shall be cherished as she deserves to be, if you will only give her to me. The De Mornays were never known to be bought but a knightly, chivalrous race. Think again, I beg you. I love your daughter so truly that it can but be that she returns it. Such a fire could not burn without creating at least a shadowy flame."

"Have you not spoken to Marion yourself?"

"It is the custom of my country to speak first with the father," and the young man raised his head proudly to meet the old farmer's questioning look. "I have sought you first."

"That is well. I should ill like to have my girl unhappy. I wish you well, sir, and success in all else you undertake."

"The wish, without the gift I seek, will be but little good. You take the spring out of my life, and then hope the machinery will work."

There was a bitter ring in his voice as he spoke, but Duncan McGregor was unmoved. Marion was his one little ewe lamb, and no stranger could claim her unless it was a youth a "his own heart."

True to his code of honor, Louis departed without telling Marion of his feelings, although he did not intend to give her up.

After he had gone Marion drooped. She made a brave effort to keep up, but it was to no purpose. The light died out of her eyes, and the soft bloom left her cheek. Her father noticed the change and taxed her with it.

"I hope it is not moping you are after that dark stranger, Marion. He's naught attractive to my way of thinking. He'll not be back, either, for he got more from me than he looked for."

"Oh, father, tell me what do you mean?"

The blue eyes looked unnaturally bright as they gazed up into the old man's stern face.

"I mean that what I told him is true and the sooner you put thoughts of him out of your mind the better for your peace. No lad from foreign parts with such a black-and-white face can marry my snow-white lass."

A sudden joy kindled the pale face and looked out of the wide eyes.

"Oh, father, did he ask you for me? Then heaven be praised! I read his looks and acts right. Oh, said she, sinking down upon her knees and catching her father's horny hand and kissing it, "I had lost my faith in human nature, and you have given it back. *Thou art for me!* Oh, father, if that fate could tell a false story, then the angels themselves would be untrue!"

"Calm yourself, Marion," interrupted her father, sternly. "Did you not hear me? It's all at an end. You cannot be his bride. It would be like the mating of the crow and the dove."

"I care not, so he loves me," murmured Marion, softly. "Hear my mured Marion, softly; and again she sank upon her knees, and raised her pure, child-like, but resolute face to his. "I will never marry Louis De Morney without your consent; but I will love him my life long, and die a maid for his sake if I cannot be his wife."

It was too late to check her. The vow had been taken, and would be kept. The strict old father himself would not have dared to ask her to break it.

Matters went on about the same at the farm. Several years passed by, during which Louis was constantly changing his location, as, indeed, it was necessary for him to do to give personal supervision to his various estates.

During this period of unmitigated prosperity to the wealthy young landowner, farmer McGregor had been gradually but surely going down in the world. A succession of bad crops, a disease among his fine Durhams, until scarcely a poor half-dozen remained of his large herd, and a murrain which proved fatal to the sheep, left him at last in a very straitened condition.

Still he had managed to get his rent money together. The pay-day was near, and the farmer had put the hardly-earned money in a leatheren wallet prepared to a start.

"Well, wife," he said, with a sigh, "here's pay for the last year. It's main doubtful, though, where the next will come from."

"Keep up, Duncan," was her cheerful answer. "It's all for the best, though one cannot always ken why."

So he started away to the laird's country seat on his stout cob, without a weapon of defense; for it was a peaceful country, and he had no fear of molestation.

But his journey was not half over, when in some lonely woods through which the road ran, an escaped convict seized his opportunity and struck him senseless from his horse, rifled his pockets, and mounting, rode rapidly away with his plunder.

About half an hour later he was found by the gamekeeper of an adjoining estate and taken at once to the big house and cared for. The master was kind and efficient, and under her good offices he soon came to consciousness, but not to the ability to help himself. One blow had fallen on his shoulder, and it

proved to be dislocated. There was no alternative but to remain, perhaps for weeks. So the good woman sent for Marion to come to her father, having by judicious questioning ascertained that she was the light of his old eyes next to the good wife, who, of course, could not be spared from the home duties.

Marion came, much to her father's delight. The day after the young proprietor arrived also. The housekeeper told him at once of his strange guests, and he hastened to assure them of his cordial welcome.

As he entered the room Marion arose from beside her father's bedside, and after one surprised glance held out her hand, her eyes shining like twin stars. It was Louis De Morney.

His face brightened with a sudden light as he went forward. Taking her two tender hands within his own he turned to the old father.

"See," he said, gravely, "it is the will of God that you should give me Marion for my own. Her steps have been led to my roof-tree by the hand of fate. She is to me the most precious treasure in the whole world. Will you not give her to me?"

The old man looked up into the dark, earnest face. His expression of sincerity could not be misinterpreted, and in spite of himself, he became for the first time conscious of his noble, manly beauty. Then, too, Marion's vow ran through his ears, and he turned his eyes on her face, which was like an April morning—first smiles and then tears.

At last he reached out a trembling hand and placed it upon Marion's bright head.

"Take her," he said, hoarsely. "It is God's will, and the lass loves you. I'm not sure, if I would't give her up, but that the poor bairn might soon be without a sheltering roof-tree. The world's not gone well with me of late, young man."

"That is because you slighted Love, and the little tyrant is angry," said Louis, playfully, as he turned and looked questioning into Marion's blushing face.

"Little one, is it true? Do you love me? Look up and tell me."

She tried to raise her blue eyes to his, but their radiance was too powerful. Her sweet lips trembled, but before the words came they were drowned in a shower of tears.

Thus they were betrothed.

## A Female Hermit in Nevada.

Among the mountains of Nevada has lived for fifteen years a woman of sixty or thereabouts, a native of Massachusetts, who seems to be perfectly contented, and who says she would not return to civilization on any account. She is a hermit, and known in that region as Mother Dildine. She will have no association with white people, but she appears to like the Putes and Indians generally, who are much attached to her, regarding her as a medicine woman. They perform many kind offices for her, and she gives them advice which they count as valuable. Her sole means of support are a number of hens, and about two hundred Angora goats, whose eggs and wool she sells and exchanges for necessary articles. Repeated efforts have been made, but to no purpose, to pluck out the heart of her mystery. She steadily refuses to answer any questions about her antecedents, and she says that she avails the whites on account of their curiosity. The story goes that she was once handsome and lived in Boston, where she married a lawyer, who emigrated to California in 1849, and after awhile sent for her. She went there and lived happily until he deserted her, leaving two children whom she supported until they died. Years after she married again, and her second husband proved a defaulter and committed suicide. Then she went to Nevada and became a hermit. She is reputed to be well educated, and appears, from all accounts to be a Timon in petticoats.

## Insects and Flowers.

It has long been known that flowers were necessary to insects; but it is only within the last few years that it has been discovered that insects are quite as necessary to flowers. There are, however, but two or three tribes of insects whose visits are serviceable to flowers in the way of fertilization. The Lepidoptera or butterfly tribe are especially so, and the moths, flying by night and visiting such flowers as are only open at that time, are furnished with a trunk or proboscis, which sucks up honey in its fluid state, and in seeking it the insect becomes covered with pollen, which it transfers from flower to flower. In this way a single insect will fertilize many flowers. Besides being attracted by the color of flowers, insects seem capable of appreciating taste and smell, just as the higher animals do. What flowers are to insects, fruits are to birds and animals. Both are colored, scented, and sweet; but they have acquired their various allurements for the attraction of widely different creatures.

## Another Fat Man Reduced.

H. A. KERRY, dealer in dry-goods, Woodhull, Ill., writes: "Boraxo Medical Co., Buffalo, N. Y., June 29, 1878. Gentlemen:—Please find enclosed \$5.00, for which send me, by express, Anti-Fat. I have taken one bottle and lost five and one-quarter pounds."

## The Oldest House in America.

The old Horton Mansion in Southold, Long Island, is the oldest in America, and, from the date of its building in 1639 down to the present day, has been in continuous occupation, and until within a few years the home of the original settlers of the town. In the year 1639 a colony of thirteen persons from England landed in the harbor, among whom was Barnabas Horton, the builder of the house. Captain Wells, one of the oldest inhabitants of the town, whose memory runs back over seventy-eight years, details the history of the place. A portion of the house was used for the court of sessions in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and the judge's bench remained in the house till within a few years. The house, as it is at present stands, consists of three parts, the oldest built in 1639, the next in 1665, and a wing finished in 1835. The oldest portion is a small hut, thirty-one by twenty-four feet, with six rooms on the ground floor, and an attic. A large, sloping chimney, nine feet square, was built on the outside. In the largest room on the ground floor were assembled recently, most of Southold's fairest damsels and ladies to welcome visitors to the house. They were dressed in costumes worn in the early colonial days, and their bright eyes and ruddy cheeks formed a strange contrast to their quaint and faded garments. Among those dressed in character costume were Mr. D. Conkling, in a white dress, with pattern flowers, looked at the shoulders, as seen in the old pictures of our grandfathers' days; Miss Addie Horton wore a picturesque red turban and a plaid dress, to which was pinned one of the old-fashioned pockets worn a hundred years ago, and an old handkerchief the size of a small bed quilt; Mrs. Margaret Horton, president of the Ladies' society, also wore a dress that had been handed down as an heirloom through many generations; Mrs. M. F. Carpenter, Mrs. Dr. Sweet and Misses Metta Horton, Mattie and Ettie Wells, Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. George W. Young were also attired in old-fashioned garments. Mr. Conkling and Master Frank P. Wells wore the traditional knee-breeches and frilled shirts. There were about three hundred guests at the mansion, which was a pretty good gathering, considering that the population of the little town is only 700. The rooms of the old house were arranged as nearly as possible in imitation of the olden style. Wood fires were burning brightly in all the wide fire-places and over the fire and along the rough unheated beams that supported the ceiling were strung pumpkins, dried apples, peppers and other articles of dry food, while in one corner stood a spinning jenny, in another the old bedstead, low and with heavy mullin drapery of antiquated pattern. Near by, in a handy place, was the old warming pan, with its long handle, that had served for generations to make comfortable the beds of the Horton families on cold winter nights. An old sword that had been carried by one of Washington's men in the Revolution hung from one of the old beams, and on the centre-table were the family Bible and book of prayer. The first was printed in London, in 1539, and was brought over by the first settlers. The family record in these books was very interesting. Parts had been torn out, but there was one almost illegible inscription, recording the death of one Jonathan Tutthill, on February 8, 1743. The marriage of Jonathan Horton to Mary Goldsmith, on November 11, 1789, was also found, and the record of births contained the following, without comment:

## A Few Florida Sharks.

Entering Shark river we noticed the light of Dr. Harris' boat ahead and we made fast to her stern. The entrance to Shark river can easily be found by observing the following directions: Northwest from north Cape Sable, about four miles, will be noticed a heavy timbered cape projecting into the gulf; rounding this point, and keeping the timber to the right hand, the river will be discovered. As a heavy northeast gale was blowing, the captain of the Dr.'s craft had anchored a few hundred yards from the entrance, where we were protected from the storm by the giant mangroves. This is incorrectly called a river, for it is a mere pass leading from the gulf to White Water Bay, and should be named shark pass. According to the United States military map of Florida, published by the war department in 1856, Shark river enters White Water bay from the Everglades at a point fifteen miles northeast from our anchorage. While we question the propriety of using the word river as applied to this pass, we are of the opinion that if the word shark was ever appropriately used as descriptive of any body of water, it is peculiarly applicable to this. The tide was ebbing; the night set in dark and rainy, and about 7 p. m. the shark performance commenced. One remarkable feature of the water along the southern portion of the state is the presence of innumerable phosphorescent animalcules, commonly called "lightning of the waters." When the night is dark the movement of the water through the water resembles the passage of a mass of pale fire. It appeared as though all the sharks in Christendom had collected to attend a camp or political meeting at this point. We have wandered considerably, and sailed over many oceans, but never saw even an approach to the number and size of the sharks at this point. Their movements in every direction rendered the waters luminous. Until we retired for the night they were visible, here, there and everywhere. They were dashing hither and thither with a rapidity that surprised me. They would dart like lightning and double upon their tracks with an ease that astonished me. Their movements and size could be determined by the phosphorescence of the water. Mullet pass into the rivers, and passes with the tide and out with the ebb, and it is probable that the sharks were enjoying a feed of these toothless fish. The water was eighteen feet deep, and looking over the side of the boat dashes of light not larger than the hand could be noticed, probably proceeding from these monsters many feet below the surface. About 8 p. m. one of the brutes struck the bow of the boat a severe blow in one of his rushes to capture his prey, and I denounced him for his stupidity. Although I had been across Florida bay in a severe gale, my boat was comparatively tight, and made but little water. For another hour I enjoyed my pipe and watched the voracious monsters as they forwarded four, chased and turned corners. At 9 p. m. I arranged my bed and stretched myself for a snooze. I was just about to bid farewell to this world and exclaim with Sancho Panza, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep, for it wraps up one up like a cloak," when bang came one of the monsters against the starboard side of the boat, and the dory trembled from stem to stern. Satisfied that the boat had received some injury I turned out, lit my lamp and examined the well to ascertain if the boat was leaking. I made a hasty examination, and fancying that all was right turned in. I awoke at 4 a. m. with a sensation of moistness about my hips and found that the boat was leaking badly and that the water was over the floor. I attributed the leak to the butting proclivities of his sharkship, and on examination at a later date developed the fact that the blow had started a plank.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Men may judge us by the success of our efforts; God looks at the efforts themselves.

Many a man dreads throwing away his life at once, who shrinks not from throwing it away by piecemeal.

To be a great sinner it is not always necessary that a man do wrong; it is enough that he never does good.

When you strike oil, stop boring. Many a man has bored clean through, and let the oil run out at the bottom.

Next in point of meanness to doing an injury, is to do a man a favor and every now and then remind him of it.

There is no sin we can be tempted to commit, but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than in committing.

To be kept from wrong-doing by fear of exposure is not very exalted virtue; but as far as it goes it is beneficial to society.

He that can perceive the paltriness of life, without ceasing to feel the dignity of man, has solved the great problem of existence.

A man may have many weaknesses of character and yet be great; but no man can be great who has any littleness of mind.

Give full measure, when you measure, and weigh with a just balance. Expect not but according to the measure of your goods.

It is right to give a Christian burial to one whose whole life and influence have been expended in opposing religion and its ordinances.

While moral sewers do exist and while humanity remains what it is, will exist, it is a question whether these sewers should be uncovered.

Conscience is a delicate seed planted in the heart of God, and no one can so well quicken its growth and blossoming to a fragrant flower as a mother.

Religious principles inculcated in a child's heart are like golden nails which time drives in faster, and no philosophical claw can completely draw out.

Nobody has a right to another under such a difficulty that he must either hurt the person by telling the truth, or hurt himself by telling what is not true.

Those who make conscience of speaking the truth, generally prosper in the world; and none are more visibly blessed than those who make no conscience of a lie.

The Providence which watches over the affairs of men works out of their mistakes, at times, a healthier issue than could have been accomplished by their wisest forethought.

The wish falls often warm upon our heart that I may learn nothing but what I cannot continue in the old world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven.

Truth being founded upon a rock you must boldly dig to see its foundation, without fear of destroying the edifice; but fear of being laid on the sand, for you will find its foundations you cause it to fall.

Christ's faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Stating without you see no glory or beauty, nor can possibly imagine any. But standing within, ever ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable beauty and splendor.

A well known divine, in his wise old age, once said to a young man: "I want to give you this advice: 'My children—don't try to be happy. Happiness is a coy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her; but just go quietly on, and do your duty, and she will come to you."

To break off bad habits, avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to them. Keep busy. Idleness is the strength and incentive of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle if you fall once, or twice, or thirty, or even a hundred times. A failure only shows how much need there is to strive.

"Put down on one side of a sheet of paper all the good that aie has done, and on the other all the evil he has done you," said a friend to a thirty-year-old drunkard. "That is impossible," was the reply, "for there is not a sheet of paper that was ever made that would contain half of the evil aie has done me."

Wherever a care is to be lightened, and a kind word or look may give relief, wherever forbearance may be manifested, or forgiveness shown, or sympathy expressed, or good of any kind be done, there we may forth the spirit of the Saviour, and so do that which is well pleasing to him.

Life is itself neither good nor evil, it is the scene of good or evil, as you make it; and if you have lived a day you have seen all; one day is equal and like all other days; there is no light, no other shade; this very sun, this moon, these very stars, this very order and revolution of things, is the same your ancestors enjoyed, and that shall also entertain your posterity.

When ye are come to the other side of the water, and have set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters, and to your wearisome journey, and shall see in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, ye shall then be forced to say: "If God had done otherwise with me than he hath done, I had never come to this enjoyment of this crown of glory."

With women, marked, irregular noses, e. g., with downy or convex bridge, or with concave or convex archings, or with facets at the knob, etc., signify far more talent than with men; and (except in the case of a few whom I myself have seen), beauty must always sacrifice something to genius, although not so much, as afterward the genius of others sacrifices to beauty, as we men in general have, unfortunately, perhaps, done.

"My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me never to gamble, and I have never gambled; I can not tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have, I attribute to having complied with her high and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to her."

## How a Man Feels With His Head Off.

It is considered on all sides that the body does not feel one instant after decapitation, for the brain being the seat of sensation to the whole frame through the medium of the spinal marrow, every part of the body beneath the joint at which the latter may be divided must be deprived of feeling. But it by no means follows that the head is deprived of sensation immediately after decapitation, nor that it may not retain its consciousness; and like the head of the Irish knight who was killed by Saladin in the Holy War, get up and declare that it was never cut off by the sharp of a cimeter before—nor, like that of the assassin Legare, swear roundly at the executioner for not keeping a keen axe; but it is quite impossible that it may be troubled with very serious reflection upon the irreversibility of its fate, and the awfulness of its deprivation. In support of this unpleasant theory many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others is the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duties. With states that having put his mouth to the ear of a decapitated criminal's head, and called him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and the fact is attested by Fontanelle, Morgue, Guillotine, Nauche and Aldini. On the word "murder" being called in the case of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblenz, the half-closed eyes opened wide with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

## REPUBLICAN OFFICE







WANTED.—For the purpose of popularizing our wanted column, and making it what we designed it to be—a means of effecting exchange and sale of property by our people.

We have concluded to reduce our terms of advertisement under that head, (not to exceed five lines), to 25 cents; or, just half the price that we have heretofore charged. This certainly brings it within the reach of every body—who has anything to sell. That an advertisement of this kind will bring about a sale of property, or a purchase, is a matter of course. A man can hardly have anything that he is willing to sell, but that there is some one anxious to buy.

That identical article, if he only knew where to find it, if it is advertised, he will know exactly who has it, and thus a trade will be brought about, or if he

WANTS an article, and does not know where to buy it, he can quickly find it, by advertising that he wishes to buy such an article. As the price we charge for this kind of advertisement is only one-fourth of our published rates, we shall insist on cash payments for every advertisement under the head of

WANTED. No advertisement of the kind will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash. If you have anything in the way of farm produce—a cow, horse, wagon, buggy, or anything to sell, advertise it in the

WANTED column. If you want to buy any of these things, advertise for them in the wanted column, and you will be quickly supplied.

Some member of the Legislature can make a "record" by advocating a constitutional amendment restricting representation in the Legislature to thirty-three members of the House and eight members of the Senate. Such a body would be more efficient than the present unwieldy number and cost the State but a trifle in comparison to what she now pays. By taking one senator from each congressional district, and one member from each senatorial district, a higher order of talent would be secured, and the legislature would be comparatively free from the numberless small demagogues, who, ignorantly of all principles of law, now curse the state.

#### OUR COUNTY ABROAD.

A correspondent of the *Live Stock Journal*, published at Starkville, Miss., in a very elaborate notice of the State Grange fair, lately held at Mobile, speaks of Gen. Burke's herd of Jerseys.

Next in order, is the Jersey herd of Gen. Burke, of Jacksonville, Calhoun Co., Ala. We find at the head of this herd, Fulkow Bay, 2860, a well shaped young bull, and we regard him worthy of the blue ribbon that he is wearing, as best 2 year old bull. This fellow also won the first premium in some class at the fair at Montgomery, Ala. a few days ago. Maid of Ambury, 2329, that is standing by the side of Fulkow Bay, has in our humble opinion, all the make up of a first class Jersey cow. Here we have Rhoda of Marion, 5840, Rhonda of Orange, 6014, and several others too thin in flesh for exhibition. Sent to of interest, No. 1, a fairly yearling heifer, deserves more than a passing notice. The General also has two spotted or calico colored heifers, that for a rich, yellow skin, equal any on exhibition. We are not sufficiently partial to pedigree, to speak of the merits or demerits of a cow, yet we are sure that Gen'l B. is no color fanatic; at least he seems to have, in the selection of a herd, given individual merit the preference over color.

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Wanted—to buy a good milch cow with first or second young calf, for cash. Apply to B. G. McELLEN.

On John B. Williams' place.

Married—At the residence of Jos. Noah, on the 19th inst., by Rev. B. D. Turner, Mr. W. M. Baily and Miss Fannie E. McCollum—all of this county.

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LADIES READ!

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Calhoun has much good land, as well as cattle and swine; Good stock will soon be in demand. In fact everything in the farmer's line. The farmers are trying a new plan, and a new leaf they have turned over. They are improving their land, by raising stock, small grain and clover. Their stock will soon excel any in the land; They take the premium at the fair, and they must be very grand. Or they wouldn't take it there. The farmer is bound to succeed. In nearly everything he undertakes, he succeeds. The people always put him in the lead—Because he's the best man in the State.

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"But we'll be good, won't we mother?" And off from me he slid, Digging deep among the goods, In his crimson stocking hid; While I turned me to the table, Where a tempting supper stood, Reminding high with dairy egg-nog, Sent me by a neighbor good.

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Mr. James Crook of Jacksonville Ala. we are pleased to note, is starting—has even made considerable progress in the stock business. A few weeks ago we copied an article from the "Rural Sun" in reference to a recent purchase of a large flock of Merino sheep, by Mr. Crook. He now writes us that he has some other fine stock, including Jersey cattle, Angora goats, and Berkshire hogs. We wish Mr. Crook eminent success as a breeder of fine stock, and hope that his worthy example may induce others around him to turn their attention the more earnestly to the breeding of thoroughbred stock.

Wanted—to buy a good milch cow with first or second young calf, for cash. Apply to B. G. McELLEN.

On John B. Williams' place.

Married—At the residence of Jos. Noah, on the 19th inst., by Rev. B. D. Turner, Mr. W. M. Baily and Miss Fannie E. McCollum—all of this county.

Married—At the residence of the bride's father, on the 19th inst., by B. D. Turner, Mr. W. F. Doss and Miss Prudence Baily—all of this county.

DIED—At the residence of Gen. J. H. Forney, in this city Monday the 23d, wife of Col. Rutledge, mother of Mrs. Forney.—Selma Argus.

To Correspondents and Advertisers—The publication day of the Republican is Saturday; but in order to meet the Saturday morning mails and get our subscribers the paper on that day, we put the paper to press Friday at noon. All the matter for the paper except by a legal advertisement is set up by Thursday night. It is therefore necessary for parties who send communications and advertisements to the paper to get them in by Thursday noon at the very latest and sooner if possible.

LADIES READ!

Mr. B. J. Mathers has recently purchased an entire Millinery establishment at auction, and now has at his store, near the depot, hundreds of dollars worth of goods in that line from the finest to the cheapest grade—all of which he proposes to sell at remarkably low prices. He got a bargain in the purchase and proposes to give his customers bargains in turn.

Calhoun has much good land, as well as cattle and swine; Good stock will soon be in demand. In fact everything in the farmer's line. The farmers are trying a new plan, and a new leaf they have turned over. They are improving their land, by raising stock, small grain and clover. Their stock will soon excel any in the land; They take the premium at the fair, and they must be very grand. Or they wouldn't take it there. The farmer is bound to succeed. In nearly everything he undertakes, he succeeds. The people always put him in the lead—Because he's the best man in the State.

O. H. A.

LITTLE BENNY

I had told him, Christmas morning, As he sat upon my knee, Holding fast his little stocking, Stuffed as full as fall could be, And attentive listening to me, With a face demure and mild— That old Santa Claus, who filled them, Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we mother?" And off from me he slid, Digging deep among the goods, In his crimson stocking hid; While I turned me to the table, Where a tempting supper stood, Reminding high with dairy egg-nog, Sent me by a neighbor good.

WANTED

No advertisement of the kind will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash. If you have anything in the way of farm produce—a cow, horse, wagon, buggy, or anything to sell, advertise it in the

WANTED column. If you want to buy any of these things, advertise for them in the wanted column, and you will be quickly supplied.

Some member of the Legislature can make a "record" by advocating a constitutional amendment restricting representation in the Legislature to thirty-three members of the House and eight members of the Senate. Such a body would be more efficient than the present unwieldy number and cost the State but a trifle in comparison to what she now pays. By taking one senator from each congressional district, and one member from each senatorial district, a higher order of talent would be secured, and the legislature would be comparatively free from the numberless small demagogues, who, ignorantly of all principles of law, now curse the state.

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#### Memphis and Charleston RAILROAD.

Memphis, Tenn., and after Dec. 18, 78, the following passenger schedule will be operated:

Going East  
Read at Memphis  
Leave 12:20 night Memphis.....12:10 pm arr  
" 3:02 am Grand Junction.....3:37 am lve  
" 3:56 am.....Middleton.....4:44 am lve  
" 5:08 am.....Corinth.....5:44 am lve  
" 6:15 am.....Decatur.....6:35 am lve  
" 7:00 pm.....Stevenson.....10:15 pm lve  
Arr 4:50 pm.....Chattanooga.....8:00 pm lve

GOING WEST  
[have been made on this line.]

This road has been newly ballasted, and the track repaired with steel rails. These improvements make it second to no other road in the south.

TO THE EAST  
Close connection is made for all eastern and southern cities.

Only one line running through Palace Sleeping Cars and day coaches, between Memphis and Chattanooga without change.

TO THE WEST  
Close connection is made for all Arkansas and Texas points, a full first class and emigrant ticket on sale at all principal stations.

Round Trip emigrant tickets at greatly reduced rates now on sale at Chattanooga, to principal Texas points.

Way coaches run between Bristol and Memphis and between Montgomery, Alabama, and Texarkana, Arkansas, without change.

Luggage checked through. No Sunday delays.

For further information as to rates, schedules, etc. apply to either JAS. R. OGDEN, Gen. Passenger Agent, Knoxville, Tenn.

T. S. BAVANT, Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent, Memphis, Tenn.

P. R. ROGER, Gen. Western Agent, Dallas, Texas.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC

OR

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S

LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affection of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine is never sugar coated.

Each box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression of the name McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

Look Here Every Body.

Read, Read, Read.—We sell for cash only or exchange our goods for country produce. We hope our friends and customers will not ask us for credit, as we positively refuse to give it. So by not asking you will save the mortification of a refusal.

Your's Respectfully.



